MERRY CHRISTMAS

The Petal Paper

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"Radio Hattiesburg"

East Side

By P. D.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

HAPPY FISCAL YEAR

Today, December 22nd, is the birthday of an unusually fine young gentleman who lives on Route 2. He is Mr. L. W. Batson, and today he's 86 years young. Though I haven't seen him in a year now, I have asked his son-in-law, Hub Jackson, about him a few times, and Hub tells me Mr. Batson is just as spry as ever. The last time I saw him, he almost walked the legs off Hub and me. And as I recall, the last time I saw him, he was having trouble with Hub about a pig . . . I just don't recall the details, however. Anyway, many happy returns of the day to Mr. L. W. Batson.

There's an old, old story, the version of which I heard was attributed to King Solomon, that has to do with two brothers who had a cake, and each was afraid the other would get the largest half. They took their problem to Solomon, explained it, and in his great wisdom, Solomon told them to "Let one brother cut the cake, and let the other brother have the first choice of his half." This incident reminds me of Mississippi, as being the cake, the Citizens Councils and the NAACP as the brothers. (And like the Colonel's Lady, and Judy O'Grady, they're sisters under the skin). But we are lacking one vital ingrediant: We are in bad need of a Solomon. I quote the late Senator Bilbo concerning Uncle Hugh: "He's got more to sit on and less to think with than any man I know." I agree with Bilbo. Uncle Hugh will not fill the bill as a Solomon in Mississippi. It is my personal opinion that Cousin Plemmon won't quite make the grade, either. I

"Is There A Santa Claus?"

"Yes, Virginia, There Is A Santa Claus"

(The following is a reprint from an original copy of this now classical Christmas question. The article was first published in the New York Sun, September 21, 1897, and was written by Keats Speed, who was editor at the time. It may be that you will want to cut it out and save it.—The Editor).

a skeptical age. They do not believe except what they see. They think nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they are men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world

no childish faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light which fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire

conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy,

A Christmas Message . . .

Sharing With Others

by

B. L. Coulter, Supt., East Forrest Schools, Petal

An unselfish, merciful, generous God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son to save you and me. Our part of the contract is to repent, confess, and believe that our loving God saves. The affectionate Son not only shares with us, but He gave His all for us—His life to save our lives. This is a manifestation of superlative love. This sacrifice of His life was for all mankind, the redeemed and the unredeemed.

There was no Christmas until Christ came into the world. His birth marks the Christ time—Christmas.

The choirs of heaven and the shepherds of earth sang of His glory and His advent on earth. Every blessing of life, however great or trite comes from an abundant giving, sharing God. He is always making provision for us-sharing His bounties.

Letters

Hattiesburg, Mississippi
December 8, 1955

Hon. P. D. East, Editor
The Petal Paper
Petal, Miss.
Dear P. D.:

I have read with interest your letter to members of the legislature, and although I have only three more weeks in such capacity, I, too, am deeply concerned with the responsibilities and duties of those who will serve in 1956.

One of those responsibilities, certainly, is that of traffic safety, and this, as you have so ably pointed out, includes the problem of livestock on the highway.

However, it is easy to lose perspective and place the emphasis for corrective action in the wrong place.

As a matter of fact, livestock contributes to one percent of the death toll on Mississippi highways. The lives of those lost in that one percent are just as precious as the other 99 percent; but in order to serve the people better, it is now and always has been my opinion that we should press for action that will save the most lives and prevent the most damage.

You ask when the legislature will pass (and enforce?) a statewide stock law. This, of course, was done in 1931. Some counties, including this one, voted to come

There's an old, old story, the version of which I heard was attributed to King Solomon, that has to do with two brothers who had a cake, and each was afraid the other would get the largest half. They took their problem to Solomon, explained it, and in his great wisdom, Solomon told them to "Let one brother cut the cake, and let the other brother have the first choice of his half." This incident reminds me of Mississippi, as being the cake, the Citizens Councils and the NAACP as the brothers. (And like the Colonel's Lady, and Judy O'Grady, they're sisters under the skin). But we are lacking one vital ingrediant: We are in bad need of a Solomon. I quote the late Senator Bilbo concerning Uncle Hugh: "He's got more to sit on and less to think with than any man I know." I agree with Bilbo. Uncle Hugh will not fill the bill as a Solomon in Mississippi. It is my personal opinion that Cousin Plemmon won't quite make the grade, either. I hasten to add, however, that Cousin Plemmon has certain talent. As Attorney General he had a Negro disgree with him, and the Negro let him know it, and since there wasn't a law to keep anyone, black or white, from having a difference of opinion, Cousin Plemmon, using the authority of the office he held, declared the Negro insane and had him confined to the mental hospital at Whitfield. No, Mississippi is in bad need of a Solomon.

I've seen a lot of mistletoe around this Christmas. I have been sorely tempted a number of times to get a mess of it and put some in each hip pocket. (This, of course, does not apply to advertisers and subscribers).

Lucile Parker may not consider this much of a compliment, but I assure everyone it is. Lucile did a beautiful portrait of Karen recently, and now at Christmas she wants Lucile to paint a portrait of Philbur, the family cat. Knowing what Karen thinks of Philbur, this is a high compliment to Lucile.

The "Fable" on Page 2 of today's paper, just so there won't be any charge of stealing, appeared several years ago in some magazine as a short story. I am honest in saying that I don't recall the magazine, nor do I recall the author. But for a number of years I have remembered the story. The "Fable" is my version of some one else's original idea. I wish it had been mine, for it concerns a principle of great importance. I did not write it with any situation in mind; however, I wish to point this out: It makes little difference to me who wears the shoe, provided, of course, it fits.

Karen seems to have pretty well put Billie and R. B. Nelson, the shoe store man, through the mill one day last week. Karen wanted a pair of "Daisy Crockin boots" and her mother saw some at Nelson's "Just so Santa Claus would know where to get them," so said Billie, "we'll go in and try them on." They did. And practically failed to get Karen out of them. When Billie explained that they would have to go home and call up Santa to let him know where they were, Karen informed her that Nelson had a telephone there. So Billie said she didn't know the number, and Karen said that surely Mr. Nelson would. He said he had no idea. So Karen brought up the point of saving Santa a trip, provided they took the boots home now. From the point of logic, I'd say Karen won, but the boots will be brought by Santa Claus Sunday morning.

In all seriousness, from Billie, Karen, and me, to each of you, our sincere best wishes for the best Christmas you've ever had. And really, we mean it.

I would like to take this opportunity to express my thanks to Helen Porter for handling the Christmas greetings in the paper today. She did virtually all the work on today's paper, in regard to the advertising in it. And just so there won't be any misunderstanding about payment, I am expressing my thanks in this manner.

(Continued on Page 2)

"Is There A Santa Claus?"

"Yes, Virginia, There Is A Santa Claus"

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"Dear Editor — I am 8 years old

"Some of my friends say there is no Santa Claus.

"Papa says 'If you see it in the Sun it's so.'

"Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?

"Virginia O'Hanlon,
"115 West Ninety-fifth Street."

VIRGINIA,

Your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except what they see. They think nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they are men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there IS a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! How dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childish faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light which fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did NOT see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither men nor children can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawns? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture, the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real — Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! He lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

It's Santa Claus Time O'er All The Land

Typical of the spirit of Christmas to boys and girls all over the world are these little children as they sneaked up on Old St. Nick and caught him just as he came out of the chimney and gave him something of a start. However, as one would suspect, their gifts are in the bag of Santa's and they will not be disappointed. The Christmas letter that has now become a classic is printed on this page again for the third Christmas. It was written by Virginia O'Hanlon, who was eight years of age at the time.

Petal Paper Moves Office

Office rent having again come due, the management of The Petal Paper decided to move their office from its location in the Petal Mercantile Building to an office in the newly erected Mathis Building which is located across the street from the City Drug Store.

The new office, unlike the old one, has a built in closet in which the management can store supplies and at the same time hide from irate subscribers.

It is believed such an arrangement will be beneficial for both subscribers and management.

Anyone having business with the paper, except collectors, who are asked to just mail theirs, are reminded that the new office is directly over the shoe store owned by Mr. R. B. Nelson, and are further reminded that they have only 13 stairs to climb instead of the former 21.

The executive office of The Petal Paper will probably remain in its new location until the rent comes due again; after that time, further announcement will be made as to the office location of The Petal Paper.

Note On TV Schedules

The schedule of television stations WDSU, WJTV, and WLBT, which appear in this paper each week are, for the week ending December 29th, incorrect.

Due to our early press day this week, we did not receive the corrected notices from the stations in time to make the corrections.

Sorry, and all that sort of thing. The Editor.

manifestation of superlative love. This sacrifice of His life was for all mankind, the redeemed and the unredeemed.

There was no Christmas until Christ came into the world. His birth marks the Christ time—Christmas.

The choirs of heaven and the shepherds of earth sang of His glory and His advent on earth. Every blessing of life, however great or trite comes from an abundant giving, sharing God. He is always making provision for us-sharing His bounties, heaping up and showering His blessings upon us. In fact, we are deluged with His gifts. What a generous God!

Since God so abundantly blesses us, should we not all the more share these bounties with the less fortunate?

We should share everything we have with those in need, and thank God from the depths of our hearts that we have something to share.

We can share our love, joys, pleasures, money, time, trinkets, candy, fruits, clothing, food, interests, and devotion with others. Men have shared their blessings, manifested great concern for each other, and sought the Great Spirit since the morning stars first sang together; yet the word SHARE has never become a real part of many of us.

With humble penitence for our national perverseness of the Christ day, the wholesale desecration of the Sabbath, disobedience of His commands, and our infinite iniquities, we implore Thee, oh God, to blot out our sin stains as individuals and restore us to the full enjoyment of peace of soul, harmony, and tranquility with Thee.

The completed circle of springtime, summer and winter, seed time, and harvest has brought us to the accustomed season at which a religious people celebrate with joy, praise, and thanksgiving Thy enduring mercy. May we reverently celebrate the birthday of Thy sacrificed Son and ever cease to commercialize Christmas. May Christmas always be an occasion of sharing our choicest and best with the less fortunate.

Your ability to share the cares, fears, troubles, heartaches, and joys with others is the Golden Key to satisfaction and success in friendship, home life, and social contacts.

Let us melt the hardness of our hearts, and soften the harshness of our souls with the oil of compassion, and share bountifully our manifold blessings with our less fortunate brother; for this is the true spirit and real joy of Christmas.

and this, as you have so ably pointed out, includes the problem of livestock on the highway.

However, it is easy to lose perspective and place the emphasis for corrective action in the wrong place.

As a matter of fact, livestock contributes to one percent of the death toll on Mississippi highways. The lives of those lost in that one percent are just as precious as the other 99 percent; but in order to serve the people better, it is now and always has been my opinion that we should press for action that will save the most lives and prevent the most damage.

You ask when the legislature will pass (and enforce?) a statewide stock law. This, of course, was done in 1931. Some counties, including this one, voted to come out from under the provisions of this law.

The legislature, however, did not enforce this or any other law, being constrained by Article Two of the state constitution from doing so.

In 1948, the legislature strengthened the stock law by the provisions of Chapter 200, and authorized any board of supervisors to invoke the stock law on the state highway system without submitting the matter to the people.

In Forrest County, the board did both last year.

If we must cry out now, the cry should not be directed to the legislature, but to the officers sworn to uphold the law and elected for the purpose of enforcing it.

In this county we have a sheriff and two deputies, six constables, and a coroner-ranger. With the exception of the deputies, all of these are elected by popular vote at the same time and in the same manner as members of the legislature.

Legally, under the provisions of Section 4865 of the Mississippi Code, Forrest County never had an open range because the county never complied with the provisions of that section.

So, for 34 years, members of the legislature from Forrest County have been blamed for a condition that was not their responsibility but simply because the judicial and executive branches of government through their

(Continued on Page 5)

VFW Turkey Shoot Is Set For Saturday

James E. Sullivan, Commander of the local VFW Post announced The annual all day Turkey shoot sponsored by the East Forrest Memorial Post 6040 VFW will be held Saturday Dec. 24th at the intersection of Petal and Highway 11 N.

Proceeds from this shoot will be used for buying Christmas baskets for needy families in the Petal area.

Everyone is cordially invited to come out and try their luck. Rifles and ammunition will be furnished by the VFW or you may bring your own.

Editorial Comment

In Our Opinion, It Amounts To This . . .

At Christmastime ----

A Fable

The Man was tired, most tired. In His face lines had deepened, and from His eyes some of the spark had disappeared. His shoulders were beginning to stoop, and He had seemed to smile less and less as the centuries rolled by.

Called into His Father's House, The Man heard the Voice saying, "My Son, you need a vacation. I beseech You to take time off from Your duties. Go where You like, do what You like, and know that I am always with You."

The city was filled with a spirit of peace, brotherly love. Friend hailed friend as they passed on the streets. Stranger spoke to stranger. The Man looked on with interest, feeling great peace within himself.

"Merry Christmas," said a stranger, noticing the kindly Man standing by a mail box on the busy street.

"Peace be unto ye," replied the Man, smiling.

Three youths passed, stopped, and wished the Man Christmas Cheer. "Merry Christmas," they cried out.

"Merry Christmas," said the Man. His voice implied a question.

"Sure," said one of youths, "You a foreigner or something? You don't know about Christmas?"

"Oh, yes, yes," the Man replied. "But . . . . "

"Well," interrupted the youth, "Christmas is a great day. Everybody feels good and everybody forgets old feelings and everybody gets the feeling of the spirit of the season."

"The season?" inquired the Man.

"Sure. This the season of Brotherly Love. Christmas time is when we celebrate the birthday of Christ, our Savior."

"Yes, yes, I see," He said, indicating that He would like to hear more of the youth's narrative.

"And just to show you what I mean," informed the youth, "We would like for you to go with us to a party we are having tonight."

"I would be very happy to attend parked automobile. They entered, and drove toward their destination.

"Before we get there," began one of the youths, "I think it would be good to know a little about you. What do you do?"

"Well," smiled the Man, "you might say I'm a teacher."

"That's good. Not too many teachers belong to our Country Club. I think it's most decent of us to take a teacher with us, don't you, fellows?"

The three youths laughed.

"Now, where do you come from?" asked another youth. "Is this your home . . . I mean this country?"

"No, this is not my home," answered the Man. "I mean by that I was not born here; yet I seem to be at home in most every nation."

"Yeah?" quizzed one of the youths, "Just where were you born? What country?"

The Man smiled, remembering the youths He had known for many centuries. He said: "As a matter of fact, I was born in Bethlehem. That was a small town in Palestine, near the city of Jerusalem."

They drove on in silence for a few minutes.

Finally, one of the youths began, "Well, I, er, that ah . . . well, I guess you're a Jew, aren't you?"

"Well, yes and no," said the Man. "I was born of Jewish parents, but . . . "

"I'm sorry," interrupted one of the youths, "but we can't take a Jew to the Club. That is against the rules, absolutely. We'll take you back down town. I hope you understand . . . no hard feelings, that's just a rule."

"Yes, yes," said the Man. "I think I understand . . . and no hard feelings."

He stepped out of the automobile . . . and saddened, He watched it pull away from the curb, and into the heavy traffic . . . .

He sat on the curb . . . His eyes were lacking some of their sparkle, and his shoulders

payment of taxes to a dealer in our neighboring state of Louisiana. The sale amounted to $1,136.

Now, St. Nick, it's just got to where an honest bootlegger can't make a living anymore. For, and we ask you, who can compete with the State of Mississippi?

So, cold and dreary it may be, St. Nick, you will not find a nip on our hearth this year for you.

We are indeed sorry, Sir, but under the circumstances, in the midst of our confusion, we have no nip for St. Nick.

Truly yours,

PS: St. Nick, has the thought occurred to you that you might put in a distillery at your operation? Of course, if the Federal Government bought up all the grain again next year just to keep prices up and win votes for the present party, you'd be out of business. Honestly, Sir, we're sorry about the whole damned mess.

A Light In The Night

To different people Christmas means different things, dependent entirely upon teachings and experience.

However, it seems to us that to every person living in a Christian nation, Christmas would, whether they believe in Christianity or not, inspire in them a feeling not kin to any other they might have.

What with the commercialism of our times, the simplicity of the Virgin birth is lost among the glitter of decorations and other features of commerce. We invite you to notice the simplicity of all the things that are dear to the hearts of men—Home - Wife - Mother - Father - Faith—just one word, that's all.

Simplicity is the very essence of the Christian faith. Just simply a matter of one's heart, that's all.

There are a number of Holy Days each year throughout the world, but to us one of the most Holy of all days is Christmas—to us Christmas is like a light in the night—lighting in the heart of mankind a feeling of brotherhood, of hope, of charity, yes, of faith in his God, and fellowman.

In connection with the thought that we've tried to get across, here is a part of the King of England's message at Christmas of 1939:

"I said to a man who stood at the gate of the year: 'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown.' And he replied, 'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than a light and safer than a known way.' So I went forth, and finding the hand of God, trod gladly into the night. And He led me towards the hills and the breaking of day in the lone east. May that Almighty Hand guide and uphold us all."

WANTS WATER, GETS GASOLINE

Herman, Nebr.—Mrs. Emma Miller is not so sure she likes the fact that, when she goes to her water pump to get water, she gets, instead, high octane gasoline. This has been going on for some weeks now and no one admits ownership of the gasoline. While three bulk plants are located near Mrs. Miller's home, all three operators deny that gasoline is missing from their tanks.

Arnold J. Toynbee, British historian: "When man divorces his religion, the results are invariably calamitous."

The Petal Paper

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P. D. EAST ——— Editor

Entered as second class matter April

East Side

(Continued from Page 1)

Billie and I had thought seriously about having a Christmas Party this week and inviting the six or eight persons who speak to us. But aside from the fact that it would cost money is the fact that since the rain last Sunday can't no one get to the house. What with the mess made by the City of Hattiesburg and the construction company putting in a sewer, we wouldn't even invite an enemy to our house right now.

Now, about the mess on Adeline Street, 18th Avenue, and Brooklane Drive. I think, on the whole, I've kept my mouth shut pretty much about it. In going back some three or four months, in review of the situation, I will now proceed to raise hell.

In the first place, my room has to be kept as dust free as is humanly possible because of sinus. Billie dusts the room and runs the oil mop over the floors every single day, sometimes two or three times.

But back to the late summer . . . the M & W Construction Company came down Adeline Street with a dragline digging a hell of a hole. It had not rained in something like 60 days . . . the dust from that hole was responsible for kicking off a sinus attack that, to date, has cost me well over a hundred dollars. I know, of course, the City is not responsible, nor concerned, with my sinus.

But in the process of digging, it was necessary to cut down two pine trees which Billie and I concerned ourselves with . . . they said they were on the city side of our property line. Maybe so. I won't argue that point.

With my permission, they took up our fence in the back, something like fifty or sixty feet of it. The posts had been put down in concrete. To date, they have not put back the fence, and no matter when they decide to do it, it will never be back like it was. But no complaint about that.

In the front of our house there is a ditch, since we don't have curbs, and that ditch was filled with concrete to keep the water from washing away the soil. The concrete was put there not by the City of Hattiesburg, but by the man from whom we bought the house . . . in other words it belongs to me. It is now cracked and torn from hell to breakfast. And about that, not too much complaint.

Now, since we live on the corner, and since our garage is behind the house, we use 18th Avenue for an entrance to our property. Since the Big Dig I have had twelve cars pulled out of the damned mud caused by the City. Cost to me has been $36.00. In addition, I had put on the driveway approximately $20.00 worth of washed gravel. Since the Big Dig all the gravel has washed away, leaving the stickiest, gooiest, damnest mess of crawfish mud to be found anywhere. On top of that, the mud has washed from the site of the Big Dig all over our yard, making it impossible to step outside without getting it all over you.

This mess has been called to the attention of the City Fathers numeroue times by other residents on Adeline Street, between 17th and 18th Avenues. To date the City has not seen fit to do one single damned thing about it. Every family on the block, including one block of 18th and one of Brooklane, it at the mercy of the elements.

My understanding is that when a person owns property in the City or the County, he is entitled to access to his property. I have been told that is one of the reasons for paying taxes. I'll admit I haven't talked with an attorney, and I may not have a case if I did, but this I want the City of Hattiesburg to know:

You have caused every person on the 1700 block of Adeline, one block of 18th Avenue, and one block of Brooklane Drive untold misery because of your

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"Well," interrupted the youth, "Christmas is a great day. Everybody feels good and everybody forgets old feelings and everybody gets the feeling of the spirit of the season."

"The season?" inquired the Man.

"Sure. This the season of Brotherly Love. Christmas time is when we celebrate the birthday of Christ, our Savior."

"Yes, yes, I see," He said, indicating that He would like to hear more of the youth's narrative.

"And just to show you what I mean," informed the youth, "We would like for you to go with us to a party we are having tonight."

"I would be very happy to attend your party," answered the Man.

The four began to walk toward a "Well, I, er, that ah . . . well, I guess you're a Jew, aren't you?"

"Well, yes and no," said the Man. "I was born of Jewish parents, but . . . "

"I'm sorry," interrupted one of the youths, "but we can't take a Jew to the Club. That is against the rules, absolutely. We'll take you back down town. I hope you understand . . . no hard feelings, that's just a rule."

"Yes, yes," said the Man. "I think I understand . . . and no hard feelings."

He stepped out of the automobile . . . and saddened, He watched it pull away from the curb, and into the heavy traffic . . . .

He sat on the curb . . . His eyes were lacking some of their sparkle, and his shoulders were stooped, and there was no smile on His face . . . .

He wept.

A Sympathetic Note . . .

No Nip For St. Nick

Hon. S. St.Nick Claus
North Pole, Mississippi
Dear St. Nick:

This is something of a personal note from us to you. Really, Sir, it's sort of a note of sympathy. We know, for example, that except for the Federal Government, you are the most generous person on earth today; and being so generous you shouldn't have the trials and tribulations that seem to be your lot.

It seems that every Spring there is the threat of a steel strike; inveriably, the price of steel goes up, making your generosity more costly year by year. We understand, too, that the price of reindeer food has risen steadily for some years now. We know also about the cost of labor, getting higher and higher each year. And now that the AFL and CIO have merged, no one has much choice in the matter of what he is able to pay; we all will, as you know, pay what we are told to pay.

Of course, Sir, that is only a relatively small part of the trouble you have in keeping your reputation for being generous. (We are pleased to note that you have stopped trying to compete with the Federal Government.)

However, the real purpose of this letter to you is to express our most heartfelt sympathy over a situation here in Mississippi.

From experience, you know how cold and damp it can get here. A forty degree temperature can chill you to the bones, what with the relative humidity being so high all the time.

We would like nothing better than to leave you a nip on our hearth to warm your chilled old bones when you visit us this Christmas. But, you see, Sir, under our law there is no such thing in Mississippi as liquor. Now, there are a few boys down in Beat 5 of Forrest County that make a medicine used exclusively for snake bite. Truth is, however, since the snakes are hibernated at this time of the year, you couldn't get any of that. And as we said, it is a medicine. Proof lies, unquestionably, in the fact that they use iodine to color it with.

Now, as to the other possibilities. It may be we could dig up some Jamaica Ginger for you, but since a number of our friends have come down with the Jake Leg, we know the consequences of that concoction, and really don't want you to become disabled.

As to the bonded stuff, which is the only fit thing to offer anyone to drink, there isn't any to speak of. Well, Sir, it's like this: During the year of 1954 in Forrest County, where we reside, there was well over a million dollars worth of bonded whisky sold.

Now, St. Nick, what they amounts to is simple. We had a vote here back in August of 1952 on whether or not we wanted whisky legalized. In our county there were 2396 for the legalization of booze and 3460 against it. Yet, please note, to our knowledge over a million dollars worth of booze was sold last year. Now, we conclude what is happening is that the drys are buying up liquor and pouring it out so the wets can't get their hands on it. And we think you'll agree that such is a real Christian attitude, and they are to be commended.

The amount of booze involved, broken down, amounts to aproximately 50,000 gallons, or about 5 railroad tank car loads. Or, taking the number of votes cast in August of 1952, it amounts to approximately 8½ gallons per person per year for each person who voted. Breaking that down further, it amounts to about 1/17th gallon per person per week, and that is something like 15 drinks each week for each person, and that amounts to about 2½ drinks per person per day.

Now, Sir, since that time, 1954, the Magnolia State has gone in the bootlegging business in a big way. Long since we have passed a Black Market Tax on booze. This allows our state to collect tax on an item which doesn't exist, under our law, in the state. However, just last month, Mr. Carroll Gartin told members of the new legislature that, in effect, the state was collecting about as much off illegal whisky as it would off legalized liquor. Not only that, Sir, but we have recently added an additional 5% sales tax on illegal, nonexisting booze. Presentlly, the state is grossing something like $2,000,000 annually from something that doesn't exist.

Well, Sir, the latter part of October of this year, the state sold a load of booze which had been seized for non-

her water pump to get water, she gets, instead, high octane gasoline. This has been going on for some weeks now and no one admits ownership of the gasoline. While three bulk plants are located near Mrs. Miller's home, all three operators deny that gasoline is missing from their tanks.

Arnold J. Toynbee, British historian: "When man divorces his religion, the results are invariably calamitous."

The Petal Paper

Published by the Petal Publishing Company, The Runnels Building, corner Central and Main, Petal, Mississippi
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P. D. EAST ..... Editor

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Billie and I had thought seriously about having a Christmas Party this week and inviting the six or eight persons who speak to us. But aside from the fact that it would cost money is the fact that since the rain last Sunday can't no one get to the house. What with the mess made by the City of Hattiesburg and the construction company putting in a sewer, we wouldn't even invite an enemy to our house right now.

Now, about the mess on Adeline Street, 18th Avenue, and Brooklane Drive. I think, on the whole, I've kept my mouth shut pretty much about it. In going back some three or four months, in review of the situation, I will now proceed to raise hell.

In the first place, my room has to be kept as dust free as is humanly possible because of sinus. Billie dusts the room and runs the oil mop over the

This mess has been called to the attention of the City Fathers numeroue times by other residents on Adeline Street, between 17th and 18th Avenues. To date the City has not seen fit to do one single damned thing about it. Every family on the block, including one block of 18th and one of Brooklane, it at the mercy of the elements.

My understanding is that when a person owns property in the City or the County, he is entitled to access to his property. I have been told that is one of the reasons for paying taxes. I'll admit I haven't talked with an attorney, and I may not have a case if I did, but this I want the City of Hattiesburg to know:

You have caused every person on the 1700 block of Adeline, one block of 18th Avenue, and one block of Brooklane Drive untold misery because of your apparent negligence in attending to the mess made by putting down the sewer line. I have no objection to the new sewer; indeed, I'm much in favor of it; but damnit, you have had more than ample time to make usable the streets on which we all pay taxes. And in the event I have been informed correctly about the access to taxable property, I want you to get through your heads the fact that to 1719 Adeline Street, there is no access, except maybe in a tractor. Insofor as I know, none of us own tractors, and didn't know we were going to need one when we bought property on Adeline. In short, I want something done abouth this damned unnecessary mess, and I want it done right away. And if you want to know who the hell am I, well, I'll tell you: Like a large number of others out that way, I'm a tax paying citizen whose patience has come to an end with your apparent negligence and lack of concern.

Now, Gentlemen, a hell of a muddy, Merry Christmas to you at the City Hall

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*Camellias *Azaleas

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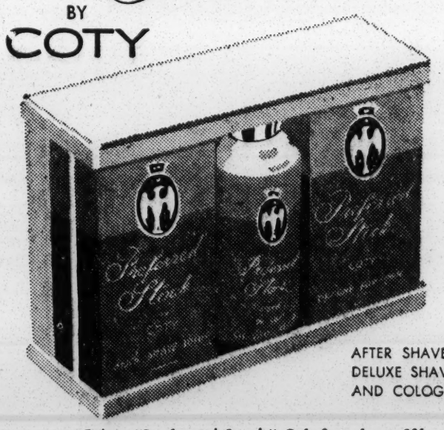

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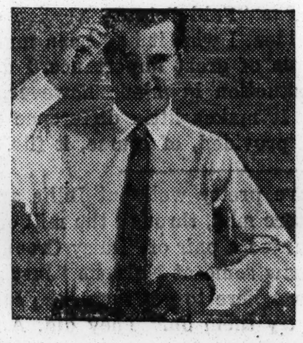

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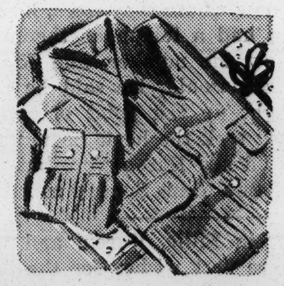

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Experts Give Key To Happy Marriage

By Edwin Diamond

Who has to make the biggest adjustment in marriage — husband or wife?

Scientists, educators, clergymen and others have come up with the answer to that question, as they have to many other problems that beset marriage.

Keeping house, earning a living, budgeting and bank accounts, adjusting life-time habits to a new routine, sharing the same space and closets . . . these are some of the problems after the honeymoon is over.

And being head-over-heels in love sometimes just isn't enough to overcome them.

Figures of the National Office of Vital Statistics show that most divorces occur in the first five years of marriage.

What happens after the honeymoon is over?

Sociologists say there are three main problems of early married life—money, personality and sex.

Two important studies have attempted to rank these three problems in some relative order of importance. Dr. Lewis M. Terman of Stanford University, for example, reports sexual adjustment is important in marital happiness but is less a factor than mutual affection.

Prof. Ernest W. Burgess of the University of Chicago, in his follow-up study of 1,000 engaged couples to determine the chances for predicting success or failure in marriage, reached a similar conclusion.

Explaining that all three factors are inter-related (sexual maladjustments may lead to personality problems and personality difficulties may cause sex or money disputes), Prof. Burgess said:

"Our first rating shows sex differences and problems less important than personality differences and problems."

For 20 years, Prof. Burgess has been studying 1,000 couples through the courtship-engagement-marriage-family cycle. He was asked what he regarded as the most ferquent cause of marital difficulty. Here is his answer:

Flexibility Needed

"In the prediction of success or failure, happiness or unhappiness, the main hypothesis is that much depands on the flexibility of eaoch personality—but, most especially, the husband's.

"The prospects for successful marriage would be greatly improved if the husband, on entering wedded life, were prepared mentally to be adjustable—the way the wife is."

It seems, the experts say, that the wife enters marriage ready to give up certain "rights" and adapt to new ways—but not the husband.

Prof. Burgess also thinks the "eventual business outcome of the husband's career" is a new and little understood factor in marital happiness.

But success in business can work both ways, he finds.

That is, success in business does not necessarily make for happiness in marriage. For example:

If the husband achieves a great amount of career success, rising say to executive or managerial positions, he may leave his wife behind "socially" as he moves on "higher" social levels.

Also, the executive works harder and longer than he did when he had no managerial responsibilities—which means the more success he achieves, the less he is home.

Sex, money and personality—what can you do about it if one or a combination of them is causing difficulties in your marriage?

Divorce of course is the extreme solution. A Chicago divorce judge, Col. Harry Hershenson, makes this offer to reporters doing a story on divorce:

"Sit next to me for a morning on the bench and listen to the cases."

A few such sittings are enough to check what lawyers and judges tell you—there is no category of cases before the bar as bitterly fought as the divorce and child-custody actions. Said Judge Hershenson:

"It is hard on everyone concerned—but hardest of all on the child or children involved."

Expert Advice

For those who prefer to try and work their difficulties out as an alternative to divorce, here is some advice from Evelyn and Sylvanus Duvall, a husband and wife team who have specialized in family problems:

1—Try to work things out yourself. Know something about the technical problems involved.

2—If you can't work things out yourselves, go to a wise neu- need help. The Duvals conclude:

"Getting married is really little more than the signing of a contract to build a marriage. It is a required first step. But it does not build the marriage any more than the engineer's contract automatically builds a home.

"The real building is done over a period of time."

Qualified Agencies

It isn't too hard to find help for your particular problem. In many communities, the name of a qualified agency or family service bureau is well known. If in doubt, you can soon find out by writing any one of the following national organizations:

National Conference on Family Relations
1219 University Ave., SE
Minneapolis 14, Minnesota

American Association of Marriage Counselors
270 Park Avenue
New York 17, N. Y.

Family Service Association of America
192 Lexington Avenue
New York 16, N. Y.

In addition there is the work of the three major religious groups in America.

The Roman Catholic church sponsors Cana conferences, a spiritual retreat conducted on the parish level. According to Father Edward J. Dowling, S. J., one of the founders of the Cana movement, the first conference was held in St. Louis at the Sacred Heart Convent on Oct. 15, 1944.

Since that time the movement has spread all over the world.

In Chicago, a "Cana Day" is a five-hour long conference dedicated to better understanding of marriage.

It emphasizes the "togetherness of marriage." The husband and wife attend together, discuss problems together and study together. Marriage in all its aspects — physical, psychological and spiritual—are discussed in a lively and utterly frank manner.

A group without church affiliation pioneering in the field of marriage counseling is the American Institute of Family Relations in Los Angeles.

While much of its work is done in Los Angeles (4,197 per-AIFR offices in 1954), the Institute publishes a national bulletin and a series of booklets available to engaged couples. It also offers home study courses in sex education.

Dr. Paul Popenoe, founder of the Institute, estimates some 25,000 marriages "which were in trouble have been helped to the great benefit of spouses and children" during the last 25 years.

Parking Ticket

PARTY CAKE

Fluffy and Rich - Easy to Make

Golden Fluffo blends quickly and easily into both batter and frosting of this "Party Cake". This entirely new and different shortening can be stored at room temperature, is always ready for immediate use. Cakes made with Golden Fluffo are higher and better textured. An all-purpose shortening, it blends in easily and quickly, either when mixing by hand or with a mixer, to produce a fluffy, delicate, rich-looking cake. The creamy rich frosting spreads easily or lends itself to fancy decoration with a pastry tube.

PARTY CAKE

¾ cup Golden Fluffo
1½ cups sugar
3 eggs
3 cups sifted cake flour
1½ teaspoons salt
4 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
1½ cups milk (1 cup plus 2 tbsp.)
1½ teaspoons vanilla extract
Chocolate Frosting*
Almond Frosting**

Cream together Golden Fluffo and sugar. Add eggs, one at a time, beating after each. Sift together flour, salt and baking powder. Combine milk and vanilla extract. Add dry ingredients and milk alternately to creamed mixture. Beat until smooth. Line the bottom of two 9" layer pans (at least 1½" deep) with paper. Divide batter evenly in pans. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375°F., 35-40 minutes. Cool in pan 10-15 minutes then remove from pans and cool on wire cake racks. Spread chocolate frosting, between and on top and sides of layers. Let stand 15-20 minutes or until firm. With pastry tube and rosette tip, make buds of almond frosting.

*CHOCOLATE FROSTING

½ cup Golden Fluffo
1 egg
3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2½ squares melted unsweetened chocolate
3 tablespoons cream or top milk

Mix Golden Fluffo, egg, sugar, and salt. Add melted chocolate and beat thoroughly. Add cream, tablespoon at a time, and beat until smooth and of spreading consistency.

**ALMOND FROSTING

2 tablespoons Golden Fluffo
1 cup sifted confectioners' sugar
1 tablespoon milk
Few grains of salt
½ teaspoon almond extract

Cream together Golden Fluffo and sugar. Add enough milk to make mixture right consistency to hold its shape. Add salt and almond extract.

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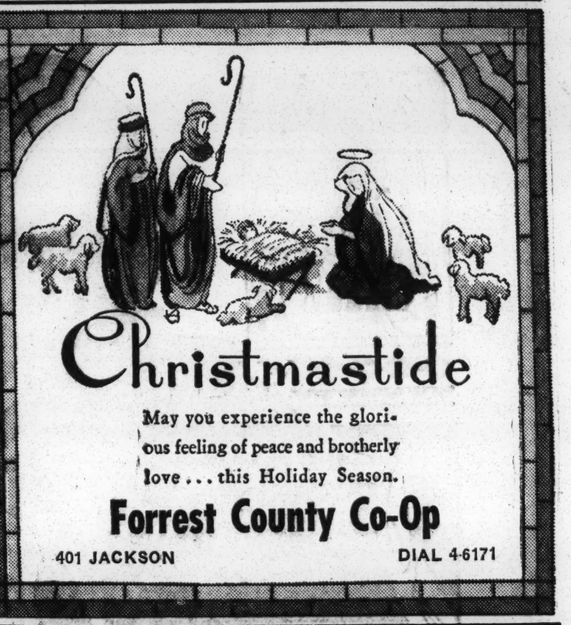

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Merry Christmas — to all of you!
W. H. LANE
County Supt. of Education
Elect

WE EXTEND OUR HOLIDAY GREETINGS TO OUR FRIENDS

Always at Christmas time, there comes that extra-special pleasure of extending to our many friends, the greetings of the season. It is with the thought of

A JOYOUS CHRISTMAS
May your heart rejoice anew in the message of the first Christmas..."on earth peace, good will toward men".
NELSON'S SHOE STORE

A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS

Same old song, but always new —
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Expert Advice

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1—Try to work things out yourself. Know something about the technical problems involved.

2—If you can't work things out yourselves, go to a wise neutral advisor like a clergyman, doctor or marriage counselor.

3—If there is a serious emotional disturbance, you may need to consult a psychiatrist.

4—Beware of the "good" friends who offer services as a neutral third party. A reputable professional person is better.

The point is: There is no need to think your marriage is ruined because you've had a few arguments. As the Duvals say:

"Everyone has some trouble with marriage and many have serious troubles."

On the other hand, marriage is not supposed to be one long argument. If yours is, then you

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Parking Ticket Relocates Car Gone 20 Years

—Mrs. Montserrat Ruis Valles was delighted when police ordered her to pay a fine for leaving her car in a no-parking zone. She hadn't seen the car since it had been requisitioned by the Republican army at the outbreak of the Spanish civil war nearly 20 years ago.

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TO OUR FRIENDS

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Farmer's Ice & Produce, Inc.
715 BOUIE STREET DIAL 3-3921
R. R. Guice, Jr.

A JOYOUS CHRISTMAS

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NELSON'S SHOE STORE
Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Nelson, Owners
PETAL

Merry Christmas

The twinkle of tree ornaments, the glow of warm hearths and the bright sparkle of holiday greenery — all reflect our gay, friendly wishes for your Happy Holiday!

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EDWARDS ST. DIAL 3-0831

INSURANCE
IS SOMETHING YOU WISH YOU HAD WHEN IT'S TOO LATE TO GET IT

Call 4-7661
JAMES
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Merry Christmas

Not because of custom only, but from our hearts — we extend our best wishes to you for a wondrous, joyful Holiday!

THE GAY DAIRY
ROUTE TWO

Cheers

We can not think of a better way
To greet you all on this holiday —
Than with this phrase, tho' hardly new,
That sends our sincerest wish to you

FOR A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS!

JOE MORRIS MOTORS
BROADWAY DRIVE DIAL 3-4391

Best Wishes

In the true spirit of this most joyous of holidays, we wish all our friends and neighbors a full measure of happiness, health and prosperity.

HATTIESBURG GIN
HATTIESBURG, MISS.

We open wide our hearts to wish each and every one of our loyal customers: *a very happy holiday season.*

Billie's Beauty Shop
and
Joe's Barber Shop
PETAL

THE CHRISTMAS STORY

Reborn on this Holy Day is the blessed spirit of brotherhood, good will, and the eternal wish for the universal peace of man . . . Thus, on His Day, we say unto you – when this Spirit of Christmas enters into your home, may it bring to you our eternal wishes for your health and happiness! It is in genuine appreciation of your friendship and patronage that we extend these hearty wishes that every joy be yours for the coming season.

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Rhodes Southland Service Stations

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